

Biting Down by hurrican3e

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: A confused Bill Denbrough, A confused Stanley Urisk, Alternate Universe - Everyone Lives/Nobody Dies, Angst, Blood, Drinking, Eddie Kaspbrak Lives, Fix-It, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Richie Tozier, Georgie Denbrough Lives, Injury Recovery, M/M, Reddie, Stanley Urisk Lives, Stenbrough, Suicide Attempt, eddie kaspbrak being the doctor he is, georgie living and being in college because it's valid, stan having many emotions

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Summary:

“Stanley Urisk saw the blood dripping down his arm and immediately dropped the razor.”

Stanley doesn't know what overcame him to do what he did. What he does know is that he is going back to Derry, Maine to fulfill a promise.

1. 1. accident

Author's Note:

- For [My Losers](#).

first fic on here!! really wanted to write an everyone-lives fix-it fic, hope you enjoy <3

Stanley Uris saw the blood dripping down his arm and immediately dropped the razor.

He nearly tripped getting out of the bath; he left a scarlet handprint on the porcelain rim. His feet slid on the tiled floor as he opened the medicine cabinet. With the shakiest hands, he grabbed the first aid kit.

What had he done? What had he done?

Stan winced as he stuck his arm under the warm running water of the sink and nearly cried out when he pressed an old towel to the wound. His jaw and teeth were clenched so tight he was afraid his molars would shatter into thousands of little pieces in his mouth.

So much blood, why would he do that? Why would he do that?

He pulled the towel away from his arm and, with the world's shakiest hands, wrapped his arm like a young boy had once taught him how to.

"No, you have to wrap it tight like this. The gauze has to overlap. What are you looking for, an infection?"

Stan remembered the boy so fast the rest of the breath in his chest forced itself from his body. He looked down at his trembling arm, then into the mirror.

Oh, God, what had he done?

He leaned forward, staring at his reflection. His calm face had contorted into something infuriated. His undamaged fist hit the mirror and he screamed, a scream that he had held in for twenty-seven years.

He fucking hated that clown. He hated that woman in the painting. He hated it. He hated It.

"Stan?!" Patty was banging on the door, her small fists shaking the woodwork. "Stan, are you okay?"

"I-I'm fine!" Stan yelled back, finding his robe and pulling it over his body. He inhaled as deep as he could. On his exhale, he braced his hands on the sink and looked around the bathroom.

He needed to clean up his... accident. It was an accident.

"Are you sure, Stan?" Patty asked from the other side of the door.

"Stan, I'm worried. You don't scream."

"It's all alright, baby-love, I promise, I'll be out in a moment, okay?"
Stan bit his lip through his lie.

"I- okay. Okay."

The second the sound of her footsteps had receded, Stan was draining the bath and then running fresh water through it. He took a rag to the bloody handprint he had left and cleaned it, ringing it out in the bath. He rinsed the cloth and cleaned the droplets of blood from the floor and sink. After he was sure every trace of blood was gone, he dried off the floor and threw away the pieces of the mirror.

Stan let out a deep sigh as he gathered his dirty clothes and hid the blood-ridden rags inside.

Why had he done that?

He walked out of the bathroom and down the stairs. Thankfully, Patty wasn't there and he could quickly slip on his slippers, run outside, and throw the pile of cloth he was holding in the trash.

When he went back inside, he checked his arm- bleeding, but not bad.

Stanley would live.

He carefully walked up the stairs, still dizzy from blood loss, and slowly opened the door to his and Patty's bedroom. Patty was sitting on the edge of the bed, face in her hands as sobs racked her body.

"Hey, hey, what's wrong?" Stan quickly sat next to her and took her hands in his.

"Why are you acting this way, Stan?" There were even tears in her voice. "What was that phone call? Why did you *scream*? I have never heard you scream, Stan."

Stan could only stare at her sad eyes. He swallowed hard before speaking. "The phone call was from an old friend. He- he reminded me of a promise that we... had made as kids."

Patty just shook her head in confusion. "Why would that upset you so much?"

Stan knew, he knew very well, but the truth would only send Patty into a spiral. It would send anyone into a spiral.

So instead, he said, "Because it would mean I'd have to go back home. I wouldn't be able to go to Buenos Aires."

A tiny laugh of disbelief escaped Patty's lips. "Stan, you- *you* said we should go! Why would a silly childhood promise keep you from going

on a vacation?"

"It's not *silly*, it's important."

"What was the promise, then?"

We promised we would return to Derry to kill a shapeshifting clown if it ever came back.

"We... we promised we would return to Derry if... if any of us were ever in any trouble."

"And who is in trouble? What does trouble entail?"

Shit.

"Eddie, a friend of ours, he- he got hurt. Really hurt. He's in the hospital at Derry."

Patty's face fell, then she narrowed her eyes. "You've never talked about an Eddie, Stan."

"I'm just remembering him!" Stan shouted before he could realize what he was saying. Patty stared at him like he was *insane*. This was the Stan she knew.

Stan just huffed and shook his head, getting up off the bed to head to the closet.

"Stan, what are you doing? You're not *actually* going back there, are you?"

Stan ignored his wife, his sweet *babylove's* voice, and it hurt him. She wouldn't understand, she just wouldn't.

Stan grabbed his suitcase and began folding clothes and carefully placing them in his suitcase. He ignored his wife's voice and threw some pairs of socks and underwear on top of the pile of jeans and long-sleeved button-up shirts. He grabbed a quick outfit and made his way to the bathroom, continuing to tune out Patty.

After locking the bathroom door, Stan slid off his robe, unwrapped his bandage and examined the wound.

It was turning *ugly*.

There's no way he could go to the hospital. Maybe Eddie could stitch it for him; he had probably become a doctor.

Ignoring the banging on the bathroom door, Stan gently cleaned the cut and replaced the bandage once more. He dressed himself carefully, his left arm aching the entire time. He walked over to

Patty's sink, which had the mirror he hadn't broken hanging above it, and looked at himself.

Stan thought he looked normal, despite the day's events.

The phone call. The realization. The *accident*.

Stan was not okay. He would fix that, though. He would recover from the *accident*. He would overcome whatever overcame him to do *that*. He would get better.

But first, he needed to get to Derry.

Stan shook himself out of his thoughts. He grabbed the first aid kit and his medicines and left the bathroom, stalking past Patty and into the bedroom. He stuffed the items into his suitcase and zipped it shut.

"*Stanley Uris!*" Patty shouted. Stan pursed his lips and stared back at her, clenching the handle of the suitcase. "What are you even doing?"

Stan reached out, cupping her face in his hands and kissing her with every ounce of love he felt in his body. He rested his forehead against hers.

"I know what I'm doing, baby-love," he reassured her. "I promise." He wrapped his arms around her, holding her close.

Patty was trembling and sobbing in his arms. "It's important to me," he continued, stroking her hair. "Important to my friends," he added quietly.

"Then go, Stan," Patty cried, wiggling out of his arms and sitting on the bed.

"*Baby-love*," he sighed.

"No, Stan! I don't get it! I'm not *going* to get it! Why you'd leave for what sounds like a- a lie about a friend being injured, when we're about to go to Buenos Aires! It's *summer*, right, Stanley?"

Stan just looked at the floor and shook his head.

"Then don't get it, Patty." Stan shrugged, turning and walking out of the bedroom. He stopped in the doorway and looked over his shoulder. "I love you."

Patty shouted at Stan as he walked down the stairs, yelled for him to come back when he made his way into the garage, and screamed when he turned the key in the ignition. She ran to the driver's window and cried, pressing her hands to the glass. He rolled down the window.

"Patty, Patty, baby-love, I love you," Stan said, grabbing her hands. "I

love you more than anything, but my friends need me. You can forever be mad at me, but I need to do this. I need to."

Patty leaned forward and wrapped her arms around his neck. "Please, Stanley, just... just be safe." She had given up trying to convince him to stay.

"I'll call you. I'll- I'll be safe," he lied for the second time that night, pressing a kiss to her lips. "I love you." When she didn't say it back, he repeated it stronger: "I love you."

She nodded and whispered the phrase back, stepping away from the car.

It broke Stan's heart to back out of the garage, watching more tears spill from her eyes. It broke his heart that she would not understand the truth if he told her- she would be concerned for him, and rightfully so.

Stanley did not feel alright. He hoped meeting his best friends for the second time in his life would make him feel better... but considering the pain radiating from under his skin and through his sweater, he probably wouldn't be alright for a while.

Stanley Uris remembered the boy he made the promise to and nearly crashed his car.

2. 2. almost

Summary for the Chapter:

Stanley arrives at the Jade of the Orient and almost has a really nice night with his childhood friends.

Notes for the Chapter:

jumpin' right into chapter 2 baby

After he had checked into the hotel and changed his bandages, Stan made his way to the Jade of the Orient.

Stan's hands shook where they were folded in his lap. He watched from his car as various people arrived– all of them familiar ghosts. All those people were so familiar, but he could only remember small memories.

Finally, Stan turned off the car and stepped out into Derry's oddly cold summer atmosphere. He adjusted his glasses, then his sweater sleeves. No one could know. Not even the Losers.

The Losers.

A small smile graced Stan's face. That's what they had called themselves. The Losers.

When he walked into the Jade of the Orient, he was greeted by a kind woman, who he informed he would be meeting a party under the name of Hanlon. The woman smiled and led him to a more

private room filled with laughter.

Stan stood breathless in the entryway, staring at everyone. Then everyone was staring at him.

"Stanley *Urine*!" A familiar- no, *Richie* said, getting up and hugging him. "How ya' doin', man?"

"W-we almost thought you w-w-wouldn't sh-show," Bill laughed. The corners of Stan's mouth wanted to fall, but he pulled them up into a smile.

"Yeah, yeah," he said, laughing. Everyone laughed with him, some sipping their drinks.

Stan noticed something. Then he remembered something.

He grabbed the chair between Richie and Eddie and pulled it out.

"I'm not going to be listening to your insufferable bickering *ever again*," Stan grinned. Bev scooted to the side so Stan could sit between her and Bill.

"Richie always started it!" Eddie shouted, pointing at Richie with the same hand that held his whiskey glass.

"Your mom was never good at initiating things, Eddie, I *had* to," Richie quipped.

The table burst into a wonderful laughter, Bill coughing into his drink. Bev had to cover her mouth with a perfectly manicured hand and Mike had thrown his head back in a hearty laugh. Ben just looked across the table and snickered, watching the two.

"Fuck you," Eddie replied, pursing his lips.

"If you insist, but aren't you married?" Richie grinned.

Then the table was thrown into another cacophony of laughter and Richie downed a shot while Eddie hid his face in his hands.

"Speaking of marriage!" Eddie suddenly spoke loudly, slamming a hand on the table. "What about you, Stan?"

"Oh! Yeah, I'm married," Stan confirmed, raising his arm to show the ring. He quickly put his arm down when he saw the bandages peeking through. No one noticed— thank God no one noticed.

"What color are her wings?" Richie asked, clasping his hands together like he awaited a serious answer.

"She's a lovely blonde, Trashmouth," Stan replied calmly. "Better than you could ever get."

"Oh, *shit!*" Richie's eyes widened as he laughed with the rest of the table.

"Stan will always be the only one to beat your jokes, Richie," Bev pointed out, raising her brows at him.

Richie just rolled his eyes and took a sip of his drink.

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As the night continued, Stan learned that Eddie had not, in fact, become a doctor.

Stan wondered if Eddie still remembered how to stitch.

Bill gently hit Stan's arm. "Wh-what's on your mind?" He looked concerned.

"Nothing, nothing, just zoned out, I guess," Stan answered easily.

Bill placed his hand on Stan's arm for a moment and nodded in understanding.

Stan zoned out again when Mike began explaining why he had called everyone back. Of course Stan knew why, he had known the second Mike called. Hearing him talk about it out loud, however, made Stan close his eyes and remember those steady breathing exercises Patty had taught him to do whenever he woke up from a nightmare.

Almost everyone was yelling. Richie and Eddie were in utter disbelief as to why Mike would call them back; Ben was loudly trying to convince them to let Mike speak; Bill was shaking his head and Beverly had tears rolling down her cheeks.

"Pennywise," Bev murmured. Everyone quieted at the sound of her voice.

"The fucking clown," Stan said the words quietly, but his voice was shaking in anger.

"Christ," Eddie sighed, staring around the table. "That fucking clown."

"That fucking clown," Richie repeated.

Stan wiped the tears from his cheeks and watched the waitress set down a plate of fortune cookies.

"Better get something real fuckin' good," Richie said, grabbing a cookie. Everyone followed, grabbing one of their own and cracking them open.

ALMOST

"Looks like they can't even make fortune cookies anymore," Richie sighed. "Mine just says 'could.'"

"Mine says 'cut,'" Eddie furrowed his brow and studied the piece of paper like it might give him more information."

The rest of the table chimed in with the words on their "fortunes" and by the time it was down to Bev, Stanley was shaking, his lower lip trembling and salty tears threatening to slip from his eyes.

"Stanley?" Bev tilted her head as they finished the sentence.

"Looks like Stanley almost didn't cut it?" Richie murmured. All eyes turned to Stan.

"Stan, what does that mean?" Beverly asked softly.

The tears fell and he clenched his teeth.

"Who the fuck knows?!" Stan shouted, standing back from the table. "It- it's just *It* fucking with us."

"W-why would I-I-It put your name, St-Stan?" Bill questioned.

"How the fuck am I supposed to know?" Stanley screamed, tears falling freely onto the ornate carpet.

"Hey, honey, it's okay," Bev said, walking over to him and putting her hands on his shoulders. "You're right, it's just-."

An aggressive rattling stopped her mid-sentence. All eyes were on the center of the table, watching the fortune cookies rattle.

Everyone stood and backed away from the table. "Okay, that's- that's not a thing that happens," Eddie began breathing heavily. Richie felt a hand gripping his arm like a boa constrictor. He turned his head, heart pounding for two different reasons, and looked down at Eddie.

Then the cookies began *hatching*.

"*Oh*, what the absolute *fuck*?!" Richie yelled as a slimy, tentacled eye slid towards him and Eddie.

Beverly screamed, grabbing Stan's arm with both of her small hands.

"It's not real!" Mike yelled, looking around at everyone. "It's not real!"

"Th-then wh-what the f-f-f- God *damn* it, what the *fuck* are th-those?!" Bill shouted.

"Oh, Jesus *Christ*!" Ben shouted, swatting a god damn flying *baby head with wings* out of the air.

"Don't wanna be here," Eddie shook his head, brow turned upwards, staring up at Richie. Richie would have said something, but a near-fetal baby bird smacked into his cheek.

Then the room became the epitome of chaos.

Richie dragged Eddie down to the floor and used his jacket to cover them. Eddie was hyperventilating, tears streaming down his cheeks.

"Where's your inhaler, Eds? Where's it at?" Richie asked frantically. He felt something hit his jacket, then fall to the floor.

"My- my pocket," Eddie replied shakily, grabbing for it and taking a puff of air.

"Look at me," Richie near-ordered him. "Look at me."

Eddie stared at him with wide, wet eyes.

"We're gonna be fine, okay?" Richie's voice betrayed him, the sentence coming out shaky.

Eddie would have replied, but they both unshielded themselves from the jacket when they heard a loud crash.

Mike slammed his chair down on the table.

"It's not real!" He shouted over and over, splattering the tiny guts of terrible creatures on the table.

Stan saw the piece of paper saying his name being burned by black ooze, and snapped.

"*Fuck you!*" He shouted, grabbing his own chair and slamming it down on the table so hard two leg immediately snapped off and flew into the walls. His arm ached so bad, so bad, but he kept bashing the chair down. "Fuck this! Fuck you, you dumb fucking clown! Fuck this town!"

Then there was a particularly *strong* little creature, pulling at Stanley's bandages, making him cry out and wince. The thing avoided every smack of Stan's hand, only willfully dropping dead to the ground once the blood-soaked bandages hit the floor.

"*Looks like Stanley almost didn't cut it!*" Screeched a head from the fish tank. Stanley screamed and sank to his knees, sobbing, reaching for the bandages.

Richie watched in sheer horror as he held Eddie, who looked on in disbelief.

Richie opened his mouth, shakily managing a "Stan," before Stanley screamed at him to shut up, screamed at everyone to shut up.

Stanley stood on wobbly knees and pushed past Bev's arms, running out to his car. He sobbed as the trunk popped open and he opened his suitcases, grabbing the first aid kit.

"Stan!" Bill yelled, pushing open the doors and running towards him. The rest of his friends followed, but didn't run like Bill.

"Stop!" Stan yelled, the gauze shaky in his hands.

Bill stared back at him. "I-I'm not g-g-gonna ask now, b-but we need to get you to- to a h-hospital."

"And have me institutionalized?" Stan shouted back in disbelief. "I don't even know why I *did* this! I mean, I do, but- *fuck!* It's like it wasn't even me, I saw what I did and I- I-," he broke, wrapping his arms around himself and dropping his head. Bill wrapped his arms around Stan and let him cry into his shoulder.

Bill looked over to the group, who were still giving Stan his space.

"I-I'm g-gonna drive him b-back to the hotel," Bill said, biting back tears.

"Eddie," Richie murmured, "do you think you'd be able to...?"

Everyone except Stan looked over to Eddie, who appeared to be weighing the question. He couldn't, no, the *germs*, but, *no*, he can't worry about germs, Stan needed his help.

"Yeah," Eddie nodded, swallowing hard. "I can."

Stan looked up at Eddie, who was a bit pale. "Th-thank you, Eddie," he said, wiping his eyes.

"Don't- don't worry about it. I'm gonna go to the drug store and then I'll meet you guys at the hotel. I'll be as fast as I can."

Eddie began walking to his car, then turned on his heels, pointed a finger at Bill and yelled, "*There had better be emergency room level pressure applied on that until I get back!*"

Stan huffed a small laugh. Eddie hadn't changed. No one had changed.

"Stan, I'm sorry," Mike spoke after the sound of Eddie's car's squealing tires had faded.

"What? For what?" Stan sniffed.

"I shouldn't have been so forward on that phone call, man, I-."

"No," Stan stopped him. "You weren't forward, and whatever you said wouldn't have mattered. You mentioned the promise and I just... ran a bath and... did it. It's like something came over me. I saw the blood and I couldn't believe I'd done it. It was like one of those out-of-body experiences, which are bullshit, but you know?"

Everyone nodded, watching as he took off his sweatshirt and wrapped it around his arm.

"We should get back to the hotel," Richie said. "Knowing Eddie, he's probably already back there, stomping his angry little feet about us not being back."

Bill nodded. "L-l-let's get in the c-car, o-okay, Stan?"

"Yeah," Stan replied weakly. That's how he felt. Weak. The feeling seeped into his bones and made his body all the more heavy.

The ride back to the hotel was silent. Stan cringed as he pressed his arm over his. He looked over at Bill, who kept staring between his arm and the road, and smiled inwardly.

Stan always admired Bill. Big Bill. The brave one. The leader. Strong. Resilient. Everything Stan wasn't.

"Always admired you, Bill," Stan admitted his thoughts, leaning his head against the cold window.

"W-w-why?" Bill asked, gazing over at Stan.

"You've always been everything I'm not."

"W-what do you m-m-mean?"

"A leader. Big Bill, the one everyone looked up to. Strong." Stan was rambling.

"I-I don't know how tr-true th-that is."

"Come on, Bill," Stan stared forward as they pulled into the hotel. "You were the one to run after me."

"B-because I c-care." Bill turned off the car, stepped out, walking over to Stan's side and opening the door. "C-come on St-Stan."

Stan allowed Bill to wrap his arm around him and lead him inside. The rest of the Losers were sitting around anxiously, save for Eddie

and Richie.

"Eddie's upstairs waiting for you, Stan," Bev informed him. Stan just nodded.

"Rich is in his room, he seemed real upset about this whole thing," Ben explained.

Why would Richie be so upset?

The answer sat on the tip of Stan's tongue, but he couldn't recall.

"I'll head upstairs," Stan said, stepping away from Bill. "I'll be fine," he told the worry lines on Bill's face.

Stan ascended the creaky, wooden stairs, waiting for Eddie to huff about how long it took them to get there. He smiled.

Notes for the Chapter:

ooo man hope y'all liked it

Author's Note:

ooo boy! please drop a comment if you're enjoying so far :')
stop by my tumblr @hurrican3e ! <3